

*Carole Maikle
Hair*

MARY HARTMAN,
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #22

by
ANN MARCUS

FINAL DRAFT
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY.	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
MARTHA.	DODY GOODMAN
GEORGE.	PHIL BRUNS
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
ROBERTA WALASHAK.	SAMANTHA HARPER
VASSAR.	
MERLE	
JUDGE EARL CLIFFORD STANLEY	
COURT MARSHAL	

SETS

<u>ACT ONE</u> (Pg. 1)	<u>MARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING</u> (Mary, Tom)
<u>ACT TWO</u> (Pg. 8)	<u>MARY'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING</u> (Mary, Tom, Loretta, Charlie, Martha, George)
<u>ACT THREE</u> (Pg. 17)	<u>SMALL COURTROOM - LATE MORNING</u> (Martha, Cathy, Grandpa, Roberta, Judge Stanley, Marshal)
<u>ACT FOUR</u> (Pg. 24)	<u>MARY'S KITCHEN - NOON</u> (Mary, Tom)
<u>ACT FIVE</u> (Pg. 29)	<u>EXT. ROAD - NOON</u> (Loretta, Charlie, Vassar, Merle)

ACT ONEMARY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

MARY HOBLES IN THE BACK DOOR WITH ONE SHOE ON, SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND LEANS AGAINST IT A MOMENT, CATCHING HER BREATH.

MARY

Dinner... I haven't even started it.
SHE HOBLES TO THE ICEBOX.

TOM'S VOICE

(FROM LIVING ROOM) Mary, is that you?
MARY FREEZES. TOM ENTERS.

TOM (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?

MARY

(INTIMIDATED) Where have I been? I've
been... out.

TOM

I know you were out. You've been out all
afternoon. I've been looking all over
for you, trying to find out where you were.

MARY

Well, here I am.

TOM

That doesn't answer my question. It's after six o'clock, there isn't any dinner, and you're standing there with one shoe on and one shoe off.

MARY

(NERVOUS SMILE) Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John, one shoe...

TOM

(INTERRUPTING) Mary!

MARY

What?

TOM

Where's the other one?

MARY

What other what? Who?

TOM

Your other shoe!

MARY

Oh. (LOOKS AROUND) I must have lost it.

TOM

Where?

MARY

I don't know.

TOM

Mary, there's something very funny going on. Loretta said you went to the market hours ago, but I don't see any groceries.

MARY

I don't either.

TOM

Where are they?

MARY

I... lost them?

TOM

Are you asking me?

MARY

Well, they're not here.

TOM

I know they're not here. Either is your shoe. I suppose you lost them the same place you lost your shoe.

MARY

I probably did.

TOM

Mary, I think you have a lot of explaining to do.

MARY

No, I don't. I don't have any explaining to do because I didn't do anything.

TOM

(BEGINNING TO LOSE HIS COOL) Where were you all afternoon if you didn't do anything?

MARY

That's just going to be my business, Tom.

TOM

What are you talking about??

MARY

I'm talking about the fact that you have
no business asking me my business.

TOM

Mary, I'm getting mad. I have every right
to ask you where you were because I'm your
husband, dammit!

MARY

Well, I've got every right not to tell you.
I'm your wife -- not your... your whatever!!

TOM

You were fooling around, weren't you?
You were out with some guy.

MARY TURNS AWAY FROM HIM AND OPENS
THE REFRIGERATOR, BUT TOM CLOSES IT.

TOM (CONT'D)

Did you get even, Mary? Is that what you
did? Get even because of me and Mae?

MARY

(TAUNTING) How do you like it, Tom, not
knowing where I was or what I did?

TOM

You wanna see me suffer? Is that what you
want? Okay, I'm suffering.

MARY

(GETTING A LARGE CAN FROM CUPBOARD) How
does it feel?

TOM

It feels rotten; it feels terrible.

MARY

Know how it makes me feel? Glad. I'm glad you feel terrible. You should see your face, Tom. (SHE BEGINS TO LAUGH)
It's all red and splotchy.

SHE CONTINUES TO LAUGH AS SHE HOBBOLES TO THE ELECTRIC CAN OPENER AND INSERTS THE CAN.

TOM

(FOLLOWING HER) What are you doing?

MARY

(STILL LAUGHING) I'm making dinner.

TOM

You're not making dinner; you're laughing at me.

MARY

(RUNNING THE CAN OPENER) I... can't... help... it.

TOM PULLS THE PLUG ON THE CAN OPENER.

TOM

(OUTRAGED) Stop it!!

MARY

(STILL LAUGHING) Know why I'm laughing, Tom? Because it's so funny -- because you're mad at me when you're the one who... And I didn't even... (AND SHE CONTINUES TO LAUGH ONLY NOW SHE'S PARTLY CRYING, TOO)

TOM

(WAITING UNTIL SHE STOPS, WHICH SHE DOES,
GASPING AND WIPING HER EYES) You did get
even.

MARY

I didn't say that.

TOM

You don't have to. It's written all over
your face. I can't believe it. I'm
really shocked, Mary. How could you do
it? I mean, it's much worse than if I
did it.

MARY

You did did it... I mean, do it.

TOM

All right, okay -- I admit I did. But
it's one thing for a guy to step out of
line, but a helluva lot different for a
married woman -- a mother, for God's sake
-- to have a cheap affair!

MARY

(STILL GASPING AND SNUFFLING) There you
go twisting things around again, Tom.
Trying to make me feel guilty when you're
the one who's been cheating on our marriage,
not me.

TOM

Then where were you all afternoon?

MARY

I told you I didn't do anything.

TOM

I want to believe you, Mary, but how can
i be sure?

MARY

You have my word.

TOM

Oh, fine, fine -- I have your word. But
tell me this, Mary -- who has your shoe??

CONFRONTED, MARY CHOOSES TO IGNORE
THE QUESTION.

MARY

Do you mind if I open the Spaghetios now?

AND SHE PROCEEDS TO OPEN THE CAN WITH
THE ELECTRIC OPENER AS TOM STANDS BY
IN HELPLESS FRUSTRATION.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOMARY'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

MARY, MOVING FROM BREAKFAST TABLE TO SINK WITH DIRTY DISHES. TOM, STILL EATING, WATCHES HER. THIS DISTRACTS HER SO THAT SHE REMOVES HIS HALF-FULL PLATE JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE ANOTHER FORKFUL OF EGGS. SHE CARRIES THE PLATE TO THE SINK.

TOM

Mary...

MARY

I don't feel like talking, Tom.

TOM

But I wasn't...

TOO LATE, SHE SCRAPES THE PLATE INTO THE DISPOSAL.

TOM (CONT'D)

(LAMELY) ... finished.

HE POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF COFFEE. MARY RETURNS TO THE TABLE AS HE'S ABOUT TO PUT A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR IN IT. SHE DISTRACTEDLY TAKES THE FULL CUP AND THE POT TO THE SINK. SIGHING, TOM POURS THE SUGAR BACK INTO THE BOWL.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mary?

MARY

Tom, I told you...

TOM

Yeah, I know, you don't feel like talking.
But I've been doing a lot of thinking,
Mary.

MARY

I don't feel like thinking, either.

TOM

You don't have to think. Just listen.

MARY

I don't feel like listening.

TOM

Mary, please! The reason I've been doing
a lot of thinking is because I can't do
anything else on that damn couch. I
certainly can't sleep. I know I was kinda
rough on you yesterday when you came home
after being God knows where all afternoon...

MARY

I don't want to hear...

TOM

Will you stop already with your "I don't
want to do this and that"?! The reason I
got mad was because I love you, dammit,
and I don't want you to start something
you'll be sorry for.

MARY

I don't want to talk about it.

HORN TOOTS GAILY O.S.

TOM

We've got to talk about it, Mary. We can't go on like this. You know what Heather was asking me yesterday? A lot of questions, Mary. About us. Her parents. She's getting upset, Mary.

BACK DOOR OPENS AND LORETTA AND CHARLIE ENTER, VERY UPBEAT:

LORETTA

We're off! We're on our way! Nashville, here we come!

CHARLIE

Yessir, got the Vega packed to the gills, all gassed up and rarin' to go!

MARY

I almost forgot you were leaving this morning. Oh, Loretta... Charlie, I'm going to miss you.

LORETTA

No more'n we're gonna miss you, honey. But you'll always be in my heart no matter how far I go or how high I climb.

THEY HUG.

TOM

(EXTENDING HIS HAND) Charlie, all the best.

CHARLIE

I appreciate it, Thomas. You've been a mighty good friend. And, Mary -- you're aces with me.

MARY

Thanks, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well, I guess the two of you are back in harness again. Everything okay?

TOM

Oh, sure, everything's great. Just great. Isn't it, Mary?

MARY

Terrific.

LORETTA

Thank the good Lord. We was so worried about the two of you, especially after yesterday. But I said to Charlie, "Don't you worry none about Mary and Tom. No matter how lost they are, even a blind hog finds an acorn sometimes".

MARY

(CONFUSED) What?

LORETTA

I'm just so glad you saw in your hearts to forgive each other.

TOM

(LOOKING AT MARY) Each other?

CHARLIE

Well, come on, honey, I think we better hit the road.

BUT MARTHA AND GEORGE ENTER.

MARTHA

Mary, have you seen... oh, my, it looks like a convention in here.

CHARLIE

Loretta and me are just off to Nashville!

GEORGE

So you're really gonna do it.

CHARLIE

You better believe it, George, ol' buddy.

MARTHA

Well, I wish you every success, Loretta. My, it won't seem the same without you folks in the neighborhood.

LORETTA

We'll never forget any of you no matter how rich and famous we get. Right, Charlie?

CHARLIE

That's right, honey. And we'll be back to sell the house and throw us a real bash after everything's set up down there and Loretta starts climbing those charts to... superstardom!

LORETTA

Bye y'all... Mary, Tom, Martha, George --
(SHE HUGS MARY AGAIN)

CHARLIE

Take care!

LORETTA

Tom, I'm sorry I acted pesky towards you,
but now that you and Mary have kissed and
made up, I'd like to do likewise.

THEY HUG.

TOM

Thanks, Loretta. Good luck.

CHARLIE AND LORETTA START FOR DOOR.
AD LIBS FROM ALL... GOODBYES, GOOD
LUCKS, ETC. AND THEY ARE GONE. BEAT.

MARTHA

This is a very exciting moment.

GEORGE

I hope they know what they're doing.

MARTHA

It almost made me forget why I came here
so early.

MARY

Why, Ma?

MARTHA

Your Grandpa is missing.

MARY

Oh no.

MARTHA

Oh yes. He didn't come home last night.

GEORGE

Can you beat that? God knows where the
old geezer is or what he's done!

TOM

He's probably with Roberta.

MARTHA

What?

MARY

Who?

GEORGE

Where?

TOM

With that social worker, Miss Walashak.
She picked him up here last night. They
had a date.

GEORGE

A what?

MARTHA

A date?

MARY

Here?

TOM

Yeah, I wouldn't worry about him.

GEORGE

Neither would I. I'd just put him in a
Home.

MARTHA

Oh, George...

GEORGE

Well, I would. And as for that Wakashook
dame, I think she should be arrested for
contributing to the delinquency of a major!

MARTHA

Now, George, that kind of thinking isn't going to help anything. We don't even know where Grandpa is now. Something could have happened to him. I'm so upset. He has to appear in court this morning on his probabtion hearing. If he doesn't show up, they'll... I can't bear to think about it... they'll put him in jail.

MARY

Don't worry about it, Ma. If Grandpa spent the night with Roberta, she'll get him to court.

GEORGE

Damnedest thing I ever heard of -- a young girl like that fooling around with an eighty-year-old coot.

MARTHA

George, I wish you wouldn't call my father names.

GEORGE

I'm going to work. Coming, Tom?

TOM

(WHO WANTS TO STAY AND TALK TO MARY) Yeah, I guess. Mary...

NO REACTION FROM HER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

MARTHA

Goodbye, Tom. Goodbye, dear. (TO GEORGE)

TOM AND GEORGE EXIT.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(SIGHING) Well, at least there's one cloud with a silver lining this morning. You and Tom seem to have patched things up. You should listen to your mother more often. I'm going on home now, dear. Maybe Grandpa's come back. Don't bother offering me coffee or anything. I don't have time to chat. 'Bye, dear.

MARTHA EXITS. MARY VAGUELY WAVES HER HAND.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESMALL COURTROOM - LATE MORNING

MARTHA, VERY NERVOUS, AND CATHY,
SITTING ON FRONT ROW.

MARTHA

I'm just so nervous. It's almost time
for the hearing and Grandpa's still not
here. What are we going to do when the
judge calls his case?

CATHY

You'll have to tell him he's missing.

MARTHA

I can't do that. They'll send the police
out looking for him.

CATHY

Isn't that what you want?

MARTHA

I'm so upset I don't know what I want.
If they find him they might put him in
jail, but if they don't find him then
where is he?

CATHY

Mom, try not to worry, okay?

MARTHA

That's easy enough for you to say, Cathy.
You're not a mother.

CATHY

I thought you were worried about Grandpa.

MARTHA

I am.

CATHY

Well, you're not Grandpa's mother!

MARTHA

(BEAT) I never thought of that.

JUDGE ENTERS FROM CHAMBERS.

MARSHAL

All rise.

THEY DO.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Fernwood municipal court is in session.

Judge Earl Clifford Stanley presiding.

Be seated.

THEY SIT.

JUDGE

(CHECKING THROUGH PAPERS) Is Raymond

Larkin in court?

NO RESPONSE. MARTHA FIDGETS. JUDGE
LOOKS UP.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mr. Raymond Larkin?

MARTHA

(PIPING UP FROM HER SEAT) Absent!

JUDGE

I beg your pardon?

MARTHA

(HALF RISING AS CATHY ROLLS HER EYES)

Grandpa... that is, my father... I mean
Raymond Larkin isn't here, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Would you approach the bench, please?

MARTHA

Bench? (LOOKING AROUND) What bench?

JUDGE

Just come forward, madam.

MARTHA

(DOING SO) Oh, certainly.

JUDGE

Now, then, is there some reason why your
father is unable to appear this morning?

MARTHA

Oh yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

And what is the reason?

MARTHA

Oh, I'm not sure what the reason is, but
I'm sure he'd be here if there wasn't a
reason for him not to be.

JUDGE

(BEAT, REACTING) Mr. Larkin is your father?

MARTHA

Yes.

JUDGE

(LOOKING AT PAPERS) And he lives with you?

MARTHA

Well, he did, up until last night, anyway.

COMMOTION AT REAR OF COURTROOM AS
GRANDPA AND ROBERTA ENTER. MARTHA
TURNS, SEES THEM.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh, thank goodness, there he is now.

JUDGE

(TO APPROACHING GRANDPA) Mr. Larkin?

GRANDPA

Present and accounted for, Your Worship.

MARTHA

(SOTTO VOCE TO GRANDPA) Grandpa, there's
a lot that isn't accounted for.

JUDGE

(TO MARTHA, BEGINNING TO SWEAT) Thank
you, Mrs.... uh... you may take your seat
now.

MARTHA

Well, all right, but I'll be right here
if you need me.

MARTHA TAKES SEAT NEXT TO CATHY AGAIN.

JUDGE

(TO ROBERTA) You're Miss Walashak, the
social worker assigned to this... case?

ROBERTA

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

(TO GRANDPA) Mr. Larkin, this hearing was called for ten o'clock. Why are you late?

GRANDPA

I hadda do something important.

JUDGE

Nothing is more important than this hearing.

GEORGE

You wanna bet?

ROBERTA

(LOVINGLY REPROVING) Raymond...

GRANDPA

Well, he oughta know a person has certain habits.

MARTHA

(TO CAHTY; WHISPERING) I'm just going to close my eyes and breathe deeply until this is all over.

JUDGE

(PICKING UP OFFICIAL REPORT) I've read your report, Miss Walashak, and it appears most favorable. (HE STARTS LEAFING THROUGH THE VOLUMINOUS REPORT) Most enthusiastic. (TURNING MORE PAGES)

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

One of the most favorable, enthusiastic...
(TURNING YET MORE PAGES)... lengthy reports
I've seen. (NOW HE LOOKS STERNLY AT HER,
THEN AT GRANDPA) Mr. Larkin, it is apparent
that you are cooperating to the fullest
extent with Miss Walashak.

MARTHA

(SOTTO, TO CATHY) He doesn't know how full.

JUDGE

And... since there have been no further
incidents of anti-social behavior, and
since the court has taken note of the...
most encouraging progress you're making
in your therapy, I will continue probation
for a period not to exceed six months with
the stipulation that you continue seeing
Miss Walashak regularly.

MARTHA

(CARRIED AWAY) I object!

JUDGE

(LOOKING UP) You object?

CATHY

(TUGGING AT HER MOTHER) Sit down, Mom.

JUDGE

(STERN) You object, madam?

MARTHA

I'm sorry, Your Awful... I mean Honor...
I mean, you may proceed.

JUDGE

(SHAKING HIS HEAD; TO ROBERTA) The court is counting on you, Miss Walashak. This is your case -- and welcome to it. (BANGS GAVEL) We'll take a five minute recess before hearing the next case.

HE RETREATS FROM THE BENCH.

MARSHAL

All rise.

CATHY

(RISING, WITH MARTHA) Ma, you almost ruined everything.

MARTHA

I can't help it, Cathy. I think it's wrong of the judge to sentence Grandpa to that woman.

CATHY

But they're in love. Look, Ma, they're holding hands.

ANGLE ON GRANDPA AND ROBERTA,
HAND-IN-HAND.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURMARY'S KITCHEN, NOON

MARY IS MOP AND GLO-ING THE FLOOR.
TOM ENTERS BACK DOOR. SHE LOOKS UP,
SURPRISED.

MARY

What are you doing home?

TOM

I came home for lunch.

MARY

Home for... but you never come home
for lunch.

TOM

Well, I really came home because I want
to talk to you.

MARY

What?

TOM

Talk, Mary. So much was going on here
this morning with Charlie and Loretta
and your mother and father I couldn't
get to say what I wanted to.

MARY

Oh. (SHE GOES BACK TO MOP AND GLO-ING)

TOM

Mary, we've got to talk.

MARY

(CONTINUING TO MOP) Okay, talk.

TOM

I can't just talk without someone to talk to. You have to talk back!

MARY

You haven't said anything yet. If you have something to say, say it. You can see I'm busy. (AND SHE CONTINUES TO MOP)

TOM

The least you could do is turn around and look at me!

MARY

(TURNING AROUND) Where would you like me to look at you from? (SHE MOVES TO ONE SIDE) Here? (SHE MOVES TO ANOTHER SIDE OF HIM) Maybe you'd like me better over here.

TOM

Mary, you're making fun.

MARY

Fun? You slept with another woman. Do you think I think there's anything funny about that?

TOM

(EYES DOWN) No, I don't.

MARY

Now it's your turn to look, Tom. Look at me good.

TOM

(RAISING HIS EYES) I am looking at you.

MARY

Can you see my heart breaking? (BEGINNING TO CRY) Because the way I'm feeling, you ought to be able to see it. (AND SHE TURNS AWAY, UNABLE TO STOP CRYING)

TOM

Come on, Mary, don't cry. As soon as you start crying, talking is finished in this house.

MARY

(TURNING BACK TO HIM, SNIFFLING BACK THE TEARS) All right. Okay. I'm stopping. (BEAT) Do you really want to talk?

TOM

Yes.

MARY

Do you really want to get to the bottom of our problem?

TOM

Yes.

MARY

.. To dig down and go as long as it takes to get to the very bottom?

TOM

Yes, yes, yes, of course I do. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) But, dammit, now I gotta get back to the plant.

MARY

(IMPLORING) But, Tom -- you said you wanted to talk.

TOM

I did, Mary. I still do. But I've got to get back in... (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Nine minutes. Can we do this in nine minutes?

MARY

We can begin.

TOM

I can't begin like this. I can't.

MARY

What do you mean? You came home for lunch because you wanted to talk and now you don't want to talk.

TOM

Mary, I can't begin knowing I have to finish in nine minutes.

MARY

What did you expect? You know you get forty-five minutes for lunch. And if it takes you twelve minutes to and from -- you must have expected to cover the whole thing in... what?... thirty-three minutes.

TOM

That's a lot more than nine minutes.
Thirty-three minutes is a reasonable
amount of time.

MARY

Tom, what are we doing talking about
this? You're wasting so much time we
don't even have nine minutes left.

TOM

Okay, okay, we'll just have to make an
appointment to talk.

MARY

What time?

TOM

You mean it?

MARY

Yes.

TOM

Good. I've got a union meeting after work.
How about seven o'clock?

MARY

Sharp! I'll be waiting.

TOM

I'll be here. Date?

MARY

Date!

HE NODS, TURNS AND EXITS. END ON MARY,
ANTICIPATION IN HER EYES. THE SHOWDOWN
IS COMING.

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVEEXT. ROAD - NOON

THE VEGA HATCHBACK IS HISSING AND STEAMING. LORETTA IS SITTING AGAINST A FENDER, STRUMMING HER GUITAR AND SINGING ONE OF HER SONGS. MOMENT AND CHARLIE STICKS HIS HEAD OUT FROM UNDER THE CAR.

CHARLIE

It's the radiator all right. Cracked worse'n crazy Maynard Stumpel.

HE CLIMBS OUT AND GOES FOR HIS TOOLS.

LORETTA

Can you fix it, honey?

CHARLIE

I can probably patch it up with a little spit and a lot of prayer, leastways good enough to get us somewhere we can buy us a rebuilt part.

LORETTA

Maybe it's all for the best, Charlie.

CHARLIE

The best what, Loretta?

LORETTA

Just the best. I mean we was so high on excitement and all -- so anxious about gettin' there to Nashville, we coulda had us an accident. This way we can take it easy and while you're fixin' and patchin' I'll get out the food and we can have us a little picnic.

CHARLIE

(WORKING UNDER THE HOOD) What'd you bring, honey?

LORETTA

(GETTING THE PICNIC HAMPER OUT) I just cleaned out the refrigerator. (OPENS TOP) We got us all kinds of goodies. There's some... green-lookin' cheese, but it'll be just fine soon's I scrape it off; and there's... a jar of marashino cherries ... an' some leftover ribs... an' some real imitation roastbeef spread.

CHARLIE

Sounds delicious, honey.

LORETTA

You wanna picnic now and patch later, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm not that hungry, honey, but I could do with a little kiss.

LORETTA

(GOING TO HIM) One lil kiss comin' up.
(HE TURNS AROUND AND THEY KISS)

CHARLIE

(NUZZLING HER) We get to messin' around
like this I might never get that old
radiator fixed.

LORETTA

Well I just want you to know I love you,
Charlie Hagers, for makin' this trip
possible by workin' so hard and all.

CHARLIE

It was all worth it, honey -- every bit.

HE GIVES HER A QUICK KISS AND GOES
BACK TO WORK. LORETTA REACHES FOR
SOME FOOD, BUT CHANGES HER MIND.
SHE PUTS THE HAMPER AWAY AS TWO
LOCAL FARM BOYS -- BIG AND SWEET
LOOKING, COME ALONG THE ROAD WITH
SHOTGUNS AND STOP. CHARLIE LOOKS
UP AND NODS AS LORETTA TURNS AND
SEES THEM.

VASSAR

What have we got here, Merle?

MERLE

Looks like a purty girl and her Daddy
who need some help, Vassar.

CHARLIE

Howdy, fellas. Charlie Hagger's the
name and this here's my wife, Loretta.

VASSAR

You was wrong, Merle. That ain't her
Daddy.

MERLE

Well I'll be.

LORETTA

Shucks, fellas, that's okay. No harm's done.

CHARLIE

Say, either one of you know anything about engines? I got me a busted radiator and it don't seem like there's a gas station for miles.

VASSAR

There ain't. (TO HIS FRIEND) You know anything about radiators, Merle?

MERLE

Not a whole heck of a lot, Vassar.

LORETTA

(REAL FRIENDLY) I notice you boys are called Merle and Vassar. Them's two real good country names.

VASSAR

Well thank you, Ma'am. I'd like to introduce my friend here, Merle Honeywell. And I'm Vassar Hicks.

LORETTA

(EXTENDING HER HAND) Pleased to metcha.

VASSAR

(NOT LETTING HER HAND GO) Same here.

LORETTA

(TRYING TO PULL HER HAND AWAY) Excuse me.

VASSAR

Where you goin' little lady?

CHARLIE

(SENSING SOMETHING) Hey, wait a minute
there...

MERLE COVERS HIM WITH HIS SHOTGUN.

MERLE

Hold it, Daddy.

CHARLIE

What is this?!!

VASSAR

(STILL HOLDING LORETTA) Take it easy,
Daddy. We're just out for a little fun
is all.

CHARLIE

(ANGRY) You let her go!!

HE STARTS FOR HIM, BUT MERLE POKES
HIS SHOTGUN RIGHT IN HIS STOMACH.

MERLE

Stay right there, ol' buddy.

LORETTA

(SCARED) Do like he says, Charlie.

VASSAR

(STROKING HER HAIR) Yeah, Charlie, do
like he says.

LORETTA

(TREMBLING) What do you want?

VASSAR

Cute, ain't she, Merle?

MERLE

Real cute.

CHARLIE

(STRAINING AGAINST THE SHOTGUN) If you
lay a hand on her...

MERLE

(JABBING HIM WITH THE GUN) Relax, Daddy,
or you'll have more holes in you than
gopher heaven.

VASSAR

(LOOKING LORETTA OVER) We was out huntin'
but we didn't have no luck till now.

LORETTA

(PANICKED) What do you boys want????

VASSAR

Nothing much, little lady. Just take
your clothes off, that's all.

AS CHARLIE GOES WHITE AND LORETTA
GOES WHITER...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #22